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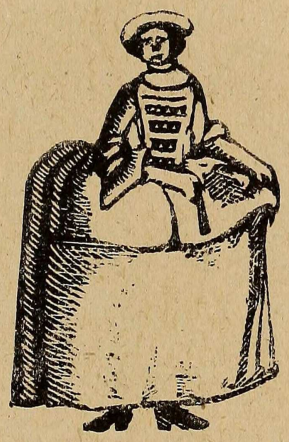
A true Relation of the APPARITION of MRS. VEAL To Mrs. Bargrave.



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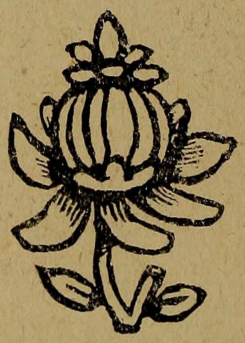
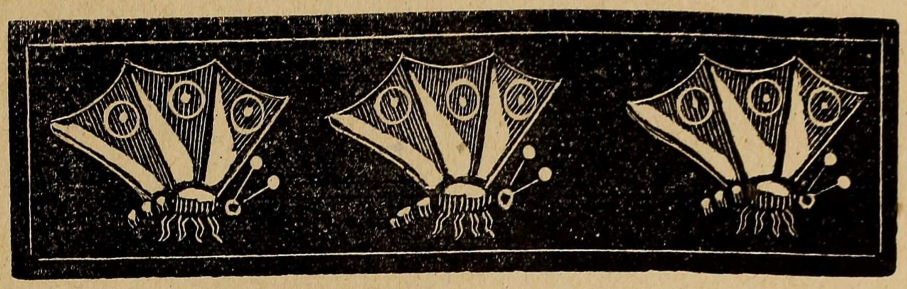


Beholde the Medium ye did firste reveal.
Ye shaddow'd forme of pious Mistris Veale:
Thogh ffrendes to all, as euerie Childe dooth know,
Itt is agreed, to all he was a 'FOE':
Reade oer his Historie - judge of itts merrits -
Ande if you wish for more - Ringe for ye Sperrits.

Caulfield Cooke



A true Relation of the

APPARITION

of

MRS. VEAL,

THE NEXT DAY AFTER HER DEATH,

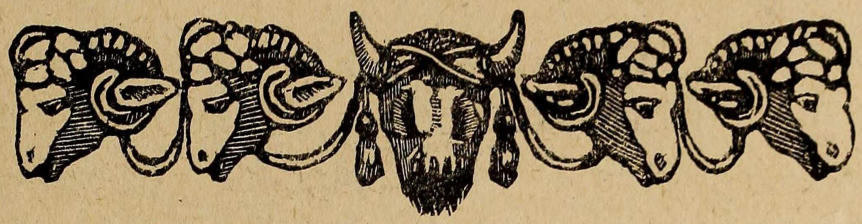
to

MRS. BARGRAVE,

At Canterbury.

Which Apparition recommends the perusal of Drelincourt's Book of Consolations against the FEARS OF DEATH.

AV
RE-
VOIR.

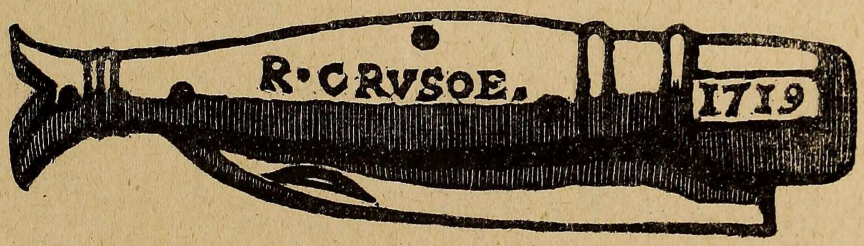


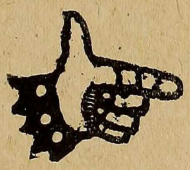
PREFACE.

THIS relation is matter of fact, and attended with ſuch circumſtances as may induce any reaſonable man to believe it. It was ſent by a gentleman, a juſtice of peace at Maidſtone in Kent, and a very intelligent perſon, to his friend in London, as it is here worded: which diſcourſe is atteſted by a very ſober and underſtanding gentlewoman, a kinswoman of the ſaid gentleman's, who lives in Canterbury, within a few doors of the houſe in which the within-named Mrs. Bargrave lives; who

believes his kinswoman to be of ſo diſcerning a ſpirit, as not to be put upon by any fallacy; and who poſitively aſſured him, that the whole matter, as it is related and laid down, is what is really true; and what ſhe herſelf had in the ſame words (as near as may be) from Mrs. Bargrave's own mouth, who, ſhe knows, had no reaſon to invent and publiſh ſuch a ſtory, or any deſign to forge and tell a lie, being a woman of much honeſty and virtue, and her whole life a courſe, as it were, of piety. The uſe which we ought to make of it is, to conſider, that there is a life to come after this, and a juſt God, who will retribute to every one according to the deeds done in the body; and therefore, to reflect upon our paſt courſe of life we have led in the world; that our time is ſhort and uncertain; and that if we would eſcape the puniſhment of the ungodly, and receive the reward of the righteous, which

is the laying hold of eternal life, we ought for the time to come, to turn to God by a speedy repentance, ceaſing to do evil, and learning to do well: to ſeek after God early, if happily he may be found of us, and lead ſuch lives for the future as may be well pleaſing in his ſight.





The original, from which the impression of this most interesting relic was taken, may be seen at the Publishers. There cannot exist a doubt that the date carved by Kreutznaer, in his old age, on this, his constant companion during his travels, was commemorative of the first edition of his "Life and Adventures."

A *Wood*-cvt.

RELATION

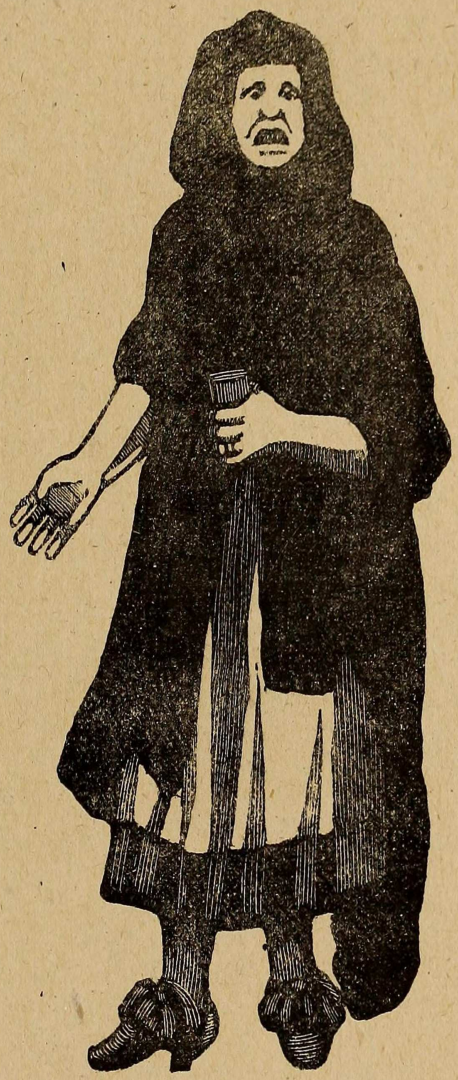
OF THE

APPARITION OF MRS. VEAL.

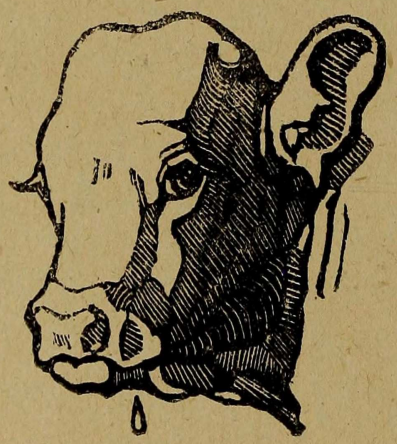
THIS thing is ſo rare in all its circumſtances, and on ſo good authority, that my reading and converſation has not given me any thing like it: it is fit to gratify the moſt ingenuous and ſerious enquirer. Mrs. Bargrave is the perſon to whom Mrs. Veal appeared after her death; ſhe is my intimate friend; and I can avouch for her reputation, for theſe last fifteen or ſixteen years, on my own knowledge; and I can confirm the good character ſhe

had from her youth, to the time of my acquaintance. Though ſince this relation ſhe is calumniated by ſome people, that are friends to the brother of Mrs. Veal who appeared; who think the relation of this appearance to be a reflection, and endeavour what they can to blaſt Mrs. Bargrave's reputation, and to laugh the ſtory out of countenance. But the circumſtances thereof, and the chearful diſpoſition of Mrs. Bargrave, notwithſtanding the ill uſage of a very wicked huſband, there is not yet the leaſt ſign of dejection in her face: nor did I ever hear her let fall a deſponding or murmuring expreſſion; nay, not when actually under her huſband's barbarity; which I have been witneſs to, and ſeveral other perſons of undoubted reputation.

Now you muſt know, that Mrs. Veal was a maiden gentlewoman of about thirty years of age, and for ſome years laſt paſt, had been troubled with fits; which were perceived coming on her, by her going off from her diſcourse very abruptly, to ſome impertinence: ſhe was



– s'elp me –
beatrix bargrave.



maintained by an only brother, and kept his houſe in Dover. She was a very pious woman, and her brother a very ſober man to all appearance: but now he does all he can to null or quaſh the ſtory. Mrs. Veal was intimately acquainted with Mrs. Bargrave from her childhood. Mrs. Veal's circumſtances were then mean; her father did not take care of his children as he ought, ſo that they were expoſed to hardſhips: and Mrs. Bargrave in thoſe days had as unkind a father, though ſhe wanted neither food nor clothing, whilſt Mrs. Veal wanted for both: inaſmuch that ſhe would often ſay, Mrs. Bargrave, you are not only the beſt, but the only friend I have in the world; and no circumſtances of life ſhall ever diſſolve my friendſhip. They would often condole each other's adverſe fortunes, and read together "Drelincourt on Death," and other good books; and ſo, like true Chriſtian friends, they comforted each other under their ſorrow.

Some time after, Mr. Veal's friends got him a place in the Cuſtom-houſe at

Dover, which occaſioned Mrs. Veal by little and little, to fall off from her intimacy with Mrs. Bargrave, though there was never any ſuch thing as a quarrel; but an indifferency came on by degrees, till at laſt Mrs. Bargrave had not ſeen her in two years and a half; though above a twelvemonth of the time Mrs. Bargrave had been abſent from Dover, and this laſt half year, has been in Canterbury about two months of the time, dwelling in a houſe of her own.

In this houſe, on the eighth of September, viz. 1705, ſhe was ſitting alone in the forenoon, thinking over her unfortunate life, and arguing herſelf into a due reſignation to Providence, though her condition ſeemed hard. And, ſaid ſhe, I have been provided for hitherto, and doubt not but I ſhall be ſtill; and am well ſatisfied that my afflictions ſhall end, when it is moſt fit for me: And then took up her ſewing-work, which ſhe had no ſooner done, but ſhe hears a knocking at the door; ſhe went to ſee who it was there, and this proved to be Mrs.

Veal, her old friend, who was in a riding habit: at that moment of time the clock ſtruck twelve at noon.

Madam, ſays Mrs. Bargrave, I am surprized to ſee you, you have been ſo long a ſtranger; but told her ſhe was glad to ſee her, and offered to ſalute her, which Mrs. Veal complied with, till their lips almoſt touched, and then Mrs. Veal drew her hand acroſs her own eyes, and ſaid, I am not very well, and ſo waved it. She told Mrs. Bargrave ſhe was going a journey, and had a great mind to ſee her firſt. But, ſays Mrs. Bargrave, How came you to take a journey alone? I am amazed at it, becauſe I know you have a fond brother. O! ſays Mrs. Veal, I gave my brother the ſlip, and came away, becauſe I had ſo great a deſire to ſee you before I took my journey. So Mrs. Bargrave went in with her into another room within the firſt, and Mrs. Veal ſat her down in an elbow chair, in which Mrs. Bargrave was ſitting when ſhe heard Mrs. Veal knock. Then, ſays Mrs. Veal, My dear friend, I am come to renew our old friend-

ſhip again, and beg your pardon for my breach of it, and if you can forgive me, you are the beſt of women. O, ſays Mrs. Bargrave, don't mention ſuch a thing; I have not had an uneaſy thought about it, I can eaſily forgive it. What did you think of me, ſaid Mrs. Veal? Says Mrs. Bargrave, I thought you were like the reſt of the world, and that proſperity had made you forget yourſelf and me. Then Mrs. Veal reminded Mrs. Bargrave of the many friendly offices ſhe did her in former days, and much of the converſation they had with each other in the times of their adverſity; what books they read, and what comfort in particular they received from Drelincourt's Book of Death, which was the beſt, ſhe ſaid, on that ſubject, ever wrote. She alſo mentioned Dr. Sherlock, and two Dutch books which were tranſlated, wrote upon death, and several others: but Drelincourt, ſhe ſaid, had the cleareſt notions of death, and of the future ſtate, of any who have handled that ſubject. Then ſhe aſked Mrs. Bargrave, whether ſhe had Drelincourt? She ſaid, Yes. Says

Man loke and see
Take hede of me
How thou shalt be
  Whan thou art deid.
Drie as a tree
Worms shall ete thee
Thy greate beaute
  Shall be lyke leed.

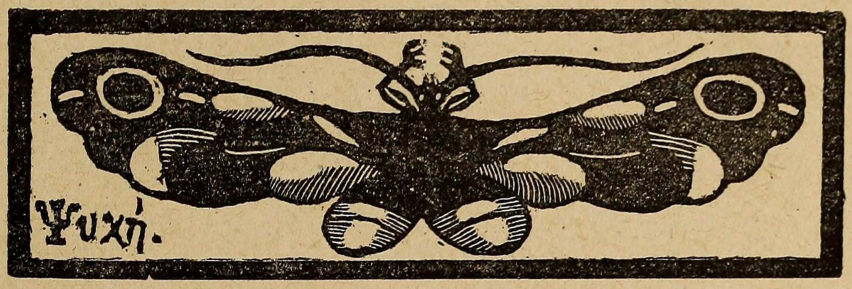
The tyme hath bene
In my youthe grene
That I was clene
  Of body as ye are
But for myne een
Now two holes bene
Of me is seen
  But bones all bare.

Now entende
For to amende.

Mrs. Veal, Fetch it; and ſo Mrs. Bargrave goes up ſtairs, and brings it down. Says Mrs. Veal, Dear Mrs. Bargrave, if the eyes of our faith were as open as the eyes of our body, we ſhould ſee numbers of angels about us for our guard. The notions we have of heaven now are nothing like what it is, as Drelincourt ſays. Therefore be comforted under your afflictions, and believe that the Almighty has a particular regard to you; and that your afflictions are marks of God's favour; and when they have done the buſineſs they are ſent for, they ſhall be removed from you. And believe me, my dear friend, believe what I ſay to you, One minute of future happineſs will infinitely reward you for all your ſufferings. For I can never believe (and claps her hand upon her knee with great earneſtneſs, which indeed ran through moſt of her diſcourſe) that ever God would ſuffer you to ſpend all your days in this afflicted state; but be aſſured that your afflictions ſhall leave you, or you them in a ſhort time. She ſpake in that pathetical and heavenly manner, that Mrs.

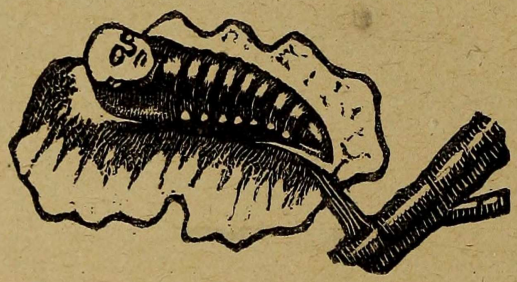
Bargrave wept ſeveral times, ſhe was ſo deeply affected with it.

Then Mrs. Veal mentioned Dr. Horneck's Aſcetic, at the end of which he gave an account of the lives of the primitive Chriſtians. Their pattern ſhe recommended to our imitation, and ſaid, Their converſation was not like this of our age. For now, ſays ſhe, there is nothing but frothy, vain diſcourſe, which is far different from theirs. Theirs was to edification, and to build one another up in faith; ſo that they were not as we are, nor are we as they were; but, ſaid ſhe, we ought to do as they did. There was an hearty friendſhip among them; but where is it now to be found? Says Mrs. Bargrave, 'Tis hard, indeed, to find a true friend in theſe days. Says Mrs. Veal, Mr. Norris has a fine copy of verſes, called Friendſhip in Perfection, which I wonderfully admire; have you ſeen the book? ſays Mrs. Veal. No, ſays Mrs. Bargrave; but I have the verſes of my own writing out. Have you, ſays Mrs. Veal, then fetch them; which ſhe did from above



In Heuen shall dwelle alle Cristen men
That knowe & doe Gods byddyngs ten.

What is Man?



ſtairs, and offered them to Mrs. Veal to read, who refuſed, and waved the thing, ſaying, holding down her head would make it ache; and then deſired Mrs. Bargrave to read them to her, which ſhe did. As they were admiring Friendſhip, Mrs. Veal ſaid, Dear Mrs. Bargrave, I ſhall love you for ever. In theſe verſes there is twice uſed the word Elyſian. Ah! ſays Mrs. Veal, Theſe poets have ſuch names for heaven. She would often draw her hand acroſs her own eyes, and ſay, Mrs. Bargrave, don't you think I am mightily impaired by my fits? No, ſays Mrs. Bargrave, I think you look as well as ever I knew you.

After all this diſcourſe, which the apparition put in much finer words than Mrs. Bargrave ſaid ſhe could pretend to, and as much more as ſhe can remember---for it cannot be thought, that an hour and three-quarters' converſation could all be retained, though the main of it ſhe thinks ſhe does---ſhe ſaid to Mrs. Bargrave, ſhe would have her write a letter to her brother, and tell him ſhe would have him

give rings to ſuch and ſuch; and that there was a purſe of gold in her cabinet, and that ſhe would have two broad pieces given to her couſin Watſon.

Talking at this rate, Mrs. Bargrave thought that a fit was coming upon her, and ſo placed herſelf in a chair juſt before her knees, to keep her from falling to the ground, if her fits ſhould occaſion it: for the elbow-chair, ſhe thought, would keep her from falling on either ſide. And to divert Mrs. Veal, as ſhe thought, took hold of her gown-ſleeve ſeveral times, and commended it. Mrs. Veal told her it was a ſcoured ſilk, and newly made up. But for all this, Mrs. Veal perſiſted in her requeſt, and told Mrs. Bargrave, ſhe must not deny her: and ſhe would have her tell her brother all their converſation when ſhe had opportunity. Dear Mrs. Veal, ſays Mrs. Bargrave, this ſeems ſo impertinent that I cannot tell how to comply with it; and what a mortifying ſtory will our converſation be to a young gentleman? Why, ſays Mrs. Bargrave, it is much better, methinks, to do it your-

ſelf No, ſays Mrs. Veal, though it ſeems impertinent to you now, you will ſee more reaſon for it hereafter. Mrs. Bargrave, then, to ſatisfy her importunity, was going to fetch a pen and ink; but Mrs. Veal ſaid, Let it alone now, and do it when I am gone; but you muſt be ſure to do it: which was one of the laſt things ſhe enjoined her at parting, and ſo ſhe promiſed her.

Then Mrs. Veal aſked for Mrs. Bargrave's daughter; ſhe ſaid, ſhe was not at home; but if you have a mind to ſee her, ſays Mrs. Bargrave, I'll ſend for her. Do ſo, ſays Mrs. Veal. On which ſhe left her, and went to a neighbour's to ſend for her; and by the time Mrs. Bargrave was returning, Mrs. Veal was got without the door in the ſtreet, in the face of the Beaſt-market, on a Saturday (which is market-day), and ſtood ready to part, as ſoon as Mrs. Bargrave came to her. She aſked her, why ſhe was in ſuch haſte? She ſaid, ſhe muſt be going, though perhaps ſhe might not go her journey till Monday; and told Mrs. Bargrave, ſhe

hoped ſhe would see her again at her couſin Watſon's before ſhe went whither ſhe was going. Then ſhe ſaid ſhe would take her leave of her, and walked from Mrs. Bargrave in her view, till a turning interrupted the ſight of her, which was three quarters after one in the afternoon.

Mrs. Veal died the 7th of September, at twelve o'clock at noon, of her fits, and had not above four hours ſenſes before her death, in which time ſhe received the ſacrament. The next day after Mrs. Veal's appearing, being Sunday, Mrs. Bargrave was mightily indiſpoſed with a cold and a ſore throat, that ſhe could not go out that day; but on Monday morning ſhe ſends a perſon to Captain Watſon's to know if Mrs. Veal were there. They wondered at Mrs. Bargrave's enquiry, and ſent her word that ſhe was not there, nor was expected. At this anſwer Mrs. Bargrave told the maid, ſhe had certainly miſtook the name, or made ſome blunder. And though ſhe was ill, ſhe put on her hood, and went herſelf to Captain Watſon's, though ſhe knew none of the family,

to ſee if Mrs. Veal was there or not. They ſaid they wondered at her aſking, for that ſhe had not been in to town; they were ſure, if ſhe had, ſhe would have been there. Says Mrs. Bargrave, I am ſure ſhe was with me on Saturday almoſt two hours. They ſaid, it was impoſſible, for they muſt have ſeen her if ſhe had. In comes Captain Watſon, while they were in diſpute, and ſaid, that Mrs. Veal was certainly dead, and her eſcutcheons were making. This ſtrangely ſurpriſed Mrs. Bargrave, when ſhe ſent to the perſon immediately who had the care of them, and found it true. Then ſhe related the whole ſtory to Captain Watſon's family, and what gown ſhe had on, and how ſtriped; and that Mrs. Veal told her it was ſcoured. Then Mrs. Watſon cried out, You have ſeen her indeed; for none knew but Mrs. Veal and myſelf that the gown was ſcoured. And Mrs. Watſon owned, that ſhe deſcribed the gown exactly: for, ſaid ſhe, I helped her to make it up. This Mrs. Watſon blazed all about the town, and avouched the

demonſtration of the truth of Mrs. Bargrave's ſeeing Mrs. Veal's apparition. And Captain Watſon carried two gentlemen immediately to Mrs. Bargrave's houſe to hear the relation from her own mouth. And when it ſpread ſo faſt, that gentlemen and perſons of quality, the judicious and ſceptical part of the world, flocked in upon her, it, at beſt, became ſuch a taſk, that ſhe was forced to go out of the way. For they were, in general, extremely ſatisfied of the truth of the thing; and plainly ſaw, that Mrs. Bargrave was no hypochondriac; for ſhe always appears with ſuch a cheerful air, and pleaſing mein, that ſhe gained the favour and eſteem of all the gentry: and it is thought a great favour if they can but get the relation from her own mouth. I ſhould have told you before, that Mrs. Veal told Mrs. Bargrave, that her ſiſter and brother-in-law were juſt come down from London to ſee her. Says Mrs. Bargrave, How came you to order matters ſo ſtrangely? It could not be helped, ſaid Mrs. Veal. And her ſiſter and brother did come to

ſee her, and entered the town of Dover juſt as Mrs. Veal was expiring. Mrs. Bargrave asked her whether ſhe would drink ſome tea? Says Mrs. Veal, I do not care if I do; but I'll warrant you this mad fellow (meaning Mrs. Bargrave's huſband) has broke all your trinkets. But, ſays Mrs. Bargrave, I'll get ſomething to drink in for all that; but Mrs. Veal waved it, and ſaid, It is no matter, let it alone; and ſo it paſſed.

All the time I ſat with Mrs. Bargrave, which was ſome hours, ſhe recollected freſh ſayings of Mrs. Veal. And one material thing more ſhe told Mrs. Bargrave, that old Mr. Breton allowed Mrs. Veal ten pounds a year; which was a ſecret, and unknown to Mrs. Bargrave till Mrs. Veal told it her.

Mrs. Bargrave never varies in her ſtory; which puzzles thoſe who doubt of the truth, or are unwilling to believe it. A ſervant in the neighbour's yard adjoining to Mrs. Bargrave's houſe, heard her talking to ſomebody an hour of the time Mrs. Veal was with her. Mrs. Bargrave

went out to her next neighbour's the very moment ſhe parted with Mrs. Veal, and told her what raviſhing converſation ſhe had with an old friend, and told the whole of it. Drelincourt's Book of Death is, ſince this happened, bought up ſtrangely. And it is to be obſerved, that notwithſtanding all the trouble and fatigue Mrs. Bargrave had undergone upon this account, ſhe never took the value of a farthing, nor ſuffered her daughter to take anything of anybody; and therefore can have no intereſt in telling the ſtory.

But Mr. Veal does what he can to ſtifle the matter, and ſaid he would ſee Mrs. Bargrave; but yet it is certain matter of fact, that he has been at Captain Watſon's ſince the death of his ſiſter, and yet never went near Mrs. Bargrave; and ſome of his friends report her to be a liar, and that ſhe knew of Mrs. Breton's ten pounds a year. But the perſon who pretends to ſay ſo, has the reputation of a notorious liar, among perſons whom I know to be

of undoubted repute. Now Mr. Veal is more of a gentleman than to ſay, ſhe lies; but ſays a bad huſband has crazed her. But ſhe needs only to preſent herſelf, and it will effectually confute that pretence. Mr. Veal ſays, he asked his ſiſter on her death-bed, whether ſhe had a mind to dispose of anything? and ſhe ſaid, No. Now, the things which Mrs. Veal's apparition would have diſpos'd of, were ſo trifling, and nothing of juſtice aimed at in their diſpoſal, that the deſign of it appears to me to be only in order to make Mrs. Bargrave ſo to demonſtrate the truth of her appearance, as to ſatisfy the world of the reality thereof, as to what ſhe had ſeen and heard; and to ſecure her reputation among the reaſonable and underſtanding part of mankind. And then again, Mr. Veal owns that there was a purſe of gold; but it was not found in her cabinet, but in a comb-box. This looks improbable, for that Mrs. Watſon owned, that Mrs. Veal was ſo very careful of the key of her cabinet, that ſhe would truſt no-

body with it. And if ſo, no doubt, ſhe would not truſt her gold out of it. And Mrs. Veal's often drawing her hand over her eyes, and asking Mrs. Bargrave, whether her fits had not impaired her, looks to me, as if ſhe did it on purpoſe, to remind Mrs. Bargrave of her fits, to prepare her not to think it ſtrange that ſhe ſhould put her upon writing to her brother, to diſpoſe of rings and gold, which looked ſo much like a dying perſon's requeſt; and it took accordingly with Mrs. Bargrave, as the effect of her fits coming upon her; and was one of the many inſtances of her wonderful love to her, and care of her, that she should not be affrighted; which indeed appears in her whole management, particularly, in her coming to her in the day-time; waving the salutation, and when she was alone; and then the manner of her parting, to prevent a second attempt to salute her.

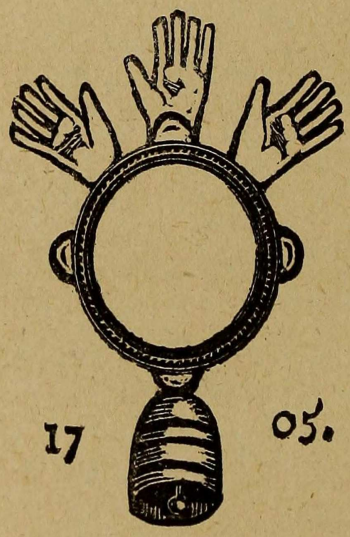
Now, why Mr. Veal ſhould think this relation a reflection---as is plain he does by his endeavour to ſtifle it---I cannot

imagine: becauſe the generality believe her to be a good ſpirit, her diſcourſe was ſo heavenly. Her two great errands were to comfort Mrs. Bargrave in her affliction, and to aſk her forgiveneſs for her breach of friendſhip, and with a pious diſcourſe to encourage her. So that, after all, to ſuppoſe that Mrs. Bargrave could hatch such an invention as this from Friday noon, till Saturday noon, (ſuppoſing that ſhe knew of Mrs. Veal's death the very firſt moment,) without jumbling circumſtances, and without any intereſt too; ſhe muſt be more witty, fortunate, and wicked too, than any indifferent perſon, I dare ſay, will allow. I aſked Mrs. Bargrave ſeveral times, if ſhe was ſure ſhe felt the gown? She anſwered modeſtly, If my ſenſes be to be relied on, I am ſure of it. I aſked her, if ſhe heard a ſound when ſhe clapped her hand upon her knee? She ſaid, ſhe did not remember ſhe did; and ſhe said, ſhe appeared to be as much a subſtance as I did, who talked with her. And I may, ſaid ſhe, be as ſoon perſuaded

that your apparition is talking to me now, as that I did not really ſee her; for I was under no manner of fear, and received her as a friend, and parted with her as ſuch. I would not, ſays ſhe, give one farthing to make any one believe it; I have no intereſt in it; nothing but trouble is entailed upon me for a long time, for ought I know: and had it not come to light by accident, it would never have been made public. But now, ſhe ſays, ſhe will make her own private uſe of it, and keep herſelf out of the way as much as ſhe can; and ſo ſhe has done ſince. She ſays, ſhe had a gentleman who came thirty miles to hear the relation; and that ſhe had told it to a room full of people at a time. Several particular gentlemen have had the ſtory from Mrs. Bargrave's own mouth.

This thing hath very much affected me; and I am as well ſatisfied, as I am of the beſt grounded matter of fact. And why we ſhould diſpute matter of fact, becauſe we cannot ſolve things, of which we can

have no certain or demonſtrative notions, ſeems ſtrange to me. Mrs. Bargrave's authority and ſincerity alone, would have been undoubted in any other caſe.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